



VQ ASSOCIATION *Newsletter*

Some thoughts from the President

There have been enough people tell me they thought Tucson was the best reunion to date that I'm really beginning to believe it may have been. And I am really looking forward to working with some exciting new folks in the next year or two. I just reread the last two sentences and I doubt that I could have come up with two more disconnected thoughts if I was given a month to try. But to me, they are both very important trains of thought. First, I had so much fun in Tucson that I stayed for two more weeks after the reunion was finished. There were some mitigating factors in that maneuver though. Second, I was aware that Allan Prevette was running out of steam and it was no longer a matter of time before we had to seek his replacement. The time was now. I dreaded this for a long time. Well, I doubt that the board, and ultimately the membership, could have made two more insightful decisions than the choices of Phil Jones and Bill Langland. First of all, Phil in his aerie in upper Colorado is probably protected (at 11,400 ft.) from the physical onslaught of unwanted intruders, but the technology advances of today place him in harm's way via the internet and I have already made him painfully aware that if you do email, you are subject to numerous unsolicited queries. On the other hand, Bill Langland is the kind of guy who projects the image of, "I know exactly what I'm doing and am just enough older than Methuselah that unless you're my elder, I doubt that I need your advice (In other words, I'll call you if I need help)". I've noticed however, that even though Putt and even Clint are finished in their roles as Association Officers, they are still go to guys for the membership. I would really like to see the members letting the departing group be exactly that and put your trust in the new guys. I promise they are very dedicated, intelligent and in a reasonable time frame will be as irreplaceable as the guys who just hung it up. I was really encouraged by the youth who joined us at the Tucson reunion. VQ-1's XO Cdr. Cory Howes is the epitome of the people we would like to see carry the torch for the Association in coming days. After his presentation at the banquet, Adm. Hagen told me how impressed he was with Cdr. Howes's presentation. I would include Lcdr Kirt Wlashin in that group, but I believe he is really a teenage computer genius Boy Scout who stole a Navy Officer's uniform and came to make a large impression on our group and got away with it quite well. I guess my point here is that we have been stressing the need to involve some of the youth out of the VQ community into carrying on the Association name and ideals and in Tucson I believe we met a couple of the folks who are ideally suited to the role. Additionally, they have the knowledge and charisma to involve many others too. I'm guessing that Bill Langland is saying I'm running well over my share of space, so I'll start working on the prelude to Rapid City. I'm getting anxious already.

See you there!!

Larry



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EC-121M at Danang AFB Vietnam

Unintended Consequences

This “Sea Story” took place in the Gulf of Tonkin, circa summer/fall of 1972. World famous, “Fabulous EC-121M Crew 25,” was midway through a thirty day detachment to Danang, RVN from our home base at Agana, Guam. We were in a groove and we were clicking the daily missions in the Gulf of Tonkin off like clockwork. It was on one of those missions where my tale took place.

It was a beautiful day in the gulf. Big, white, puffy clouds gave a pleasant contrast to the azure waters stretched out before us. Off to our west was the foreboding coastline of North Vietnam where towering cumulus nimbus clouds were building in the early afternoon. We were over half way through a ten-hour flight, cruising at an altitude of 10K, when the plane commander, who I will call Major Bob, came up to talk to me while I was at the flight engineers panel. He explained that there were some VQ-1 people in senior leadership positions who thought that our copilot, Little John, while being a very capable pilot, didn’t quite have the seasoning to be an Electronic Warfare Aircraft Commander on the venerable EC-121M. While the crew was very happy with the prospect of Little John taking over the crew when Major Bob transferred, the “seasoning” issue was a snag according to Major Bob. To allay the concerns, he told me he wanted to test Little John with a scenario that would test his mettle as plane commander. Then he could tell everyone that Little John handled the situation with skill and aplomb and everyone would get on board for Little John taking over the crew. The details of the plan were that the evaluator would advise the cockpit that a couple of Migs were up over the North and then it would become progressively more threatening. The test was to see how he handled the deteriorating situation. As it turned out, the devil was in the details!

I told Major Bob in no uncertain terms this was not a good idea to do this on an operational mission with 31 people on board. I beseeched him if he wanted to give a test, upon our return to Danang we could let the crew off and go fly any kind of training flight he wanted to do. “No, this wouldn’t be the same,” he told me. This went back and forth until Major Bob finalized the conversation with, “Putt, we’re going to do this!” At this point, about all I could muster was, “Aye, aye sir.”

I briefed the second engineer, a huge fellow from Idaho by the name of Leo Wynn and, from the baleful look he gave me, I knew he shared my misgivings. The unsuspecting co-pilot was in the left seat, with the right seat vacant. He was giving a desultory look at a dog-eared copy of Playboy when the back end told him there were two Migs up. At that, he laid the magazine down and tightened his seat belt and shoulder harness. The complicit evaluator, I think it was Rich Norman, then advised that the Migs were heading south. Hearing that, Little John made a Public Address (PA) call for Major Bob to come to

the cockpit and he advised me that we might have to leave in a hurry. Of course, Major Bob was back by the navigator’s station looking like the proverbial cat that ate the canary. He was then advised that the Migs were feet wet over the gulf. He made another more urgent appeal over the PA for Major Bob to come to the cockpit. Then, within a short time, the final transmission from the evaluator was that the Migs had dropped their fuel tanks; they had armed their guns and zoom climbed to our altitude.

In the next instant, the cockpit was a kaleidoscope of swirling gallon cans of hydraulic fluid, flight bags, all the contents of the flight engineers desk drawer (years of accumulation of small nuts and bolts, light bulbs, coins from every country in the Western Pacific and sundry items) and everything else that wasn’t tied down. I glanced back to see the second engineer spread eagle in the overhead looking at me with his eyes as big as saucers! The now very serious looking plane commander was also in the overhead back by the NAV station and unable to come forward. I’m told the evaluator, who wasn’t strapped in, came out of his seat tangled in his communication cords which then became disconnected and very effectively cut off any communication with the cockpit! Adding to the quickly deteriorating situation, both of the Gas Turbine Power Units (GTPU) that supplied the backend with AC electrical power quit cold when the aircraft was pushed over which in turn smoked the Big Look radar that was transmitting and many other ancillary black boxes in the backend.

We were now hurtling towards the sea at 290 knots (334 mph) plus or minus 10 knots. Quantity gages, such as oil and fuel, were going in all different directions on the flight engineers instrument panel as well as the oil and fuel pressures for the engines. As the engines were still running, I could only conclude this had to be indication problems as the pressure indicators all had DC back up warning lights that were off but it was still very disconcerting! I was also thinking of past instances where the large upper radome peeled off at slower speeds than where we were.

Finally, Major Bob made it close enough to the cockpit where he told Little John to pull up and it was a drill. I think his exact words were, “Pull up Johnnie, pull up, it’s a drill!” By then we were down to less than a 1000 feet above the water and

continued next page >

really moving out. Although it seemed like a very long time, I would guess no more than two minutes had elapsed from start to finish. Little John didn't say much but the look he gave Major Bob raised the hair on the back of my neck and I wasn't even the recipient!

The inside of the aircraft was totally trashed! Everything that wasn't securely bolted down littered the aisle going back through the aircraft. Most of the chest pack parachutes stored in the aft overhead had come down, oxygen and fire bottles fastened to bulkheads came loose and in one instance, a wayward O2 bottle almost beamed a crewman. The hot coffee from the ever-present coffee pot came out in a blob and migrated back towards the navigator and caused the only casualty, which was a slight burn to the Nav's arm from the hot coffee.

As the backend was down due to the smoked equipment, our net worth to the war effort equaled that of an 118,000 lb paperweight, so we checked out with the fleet powers to be

and headed for home. I have no idea what reason was given for the abort but I am sure it was creative.

There wasn't much conversation in the cockpit on the return to Danang and I would be very generous in saying the atmosphere was somewhat strained. Later in the evening Major Bob came down to the aircraft and offered his apologies. I'm sure when he came down he was thinking, "That damn Putt is going to tell me, I told you so!" Well, he wasn't disappointed!

As with young men who go forth in airplanes, in a couple of days this incident was more or less old news and all was forgiven. No doubt, the process was hastened by a Rest and Recreation (R and R) trip to Bangkok, Thailand a few days later.

Was the infamous test successful? I really can't remember but I think the final outcome was that Little John made Aircraft Commander but he never took our crew on deployment.

Good Job and Thanks

"Once in every officer's dreams a person, who is the answer to all his prayers, reports for duty." That is the beginning of an evaluation that every officer and petty officer wants to see. Eight years ago a reluctant member agreed to take on the Presidency of the VQ Association from its founder who had served for the 13 years of the organizations official existence. As JD stepped down he took with him his Vice President and newly reassigned Secretary. The three most critical positions in the organization would be the President, Treasurer and Secretary. Stepping in to fill the void of Secretary was the person who most appropriately fits the description in the first sentence Alan "Putt Putt" Prevette. A major goal at the start of the new administration was the daunting task of creating a newsletter for the association. For anyone who has ever been in charge of writing and distributing such a document you understand the difficulties of such an undertaking. First designing the newsletter, getting appropriate inputs for it, editing the articles for content and size, finding a publisher and lastly distributing the finished product. To quote the new newsletter editor, "Until I started working on the newsletter, I just didn't realize the amount of work Putt has been doing all these years. The roster, all the dues payments, sorting out reunion sites, all the reunion payments and the newsletter." To send the news-

letter Putt had to determine who was a current member and devise a way to let them know when their membership was due. Keeping the roster up to date was in itself a major task let alone receiving and forwarding renewals and new memberships. Putt seemed to know everyone, or at least someone they knew, and his correspondence to new members and questioners were classic.

He was adept at keeping everyone in the chain of command informed of every piece of correspondence. Every reunion has its problems but I doubt anyone outside the Board ever knew there was a glitch. Putt had every angle covered when problems arose they were immediately handled and without disruption to the event. While the President glad handed and played golf, Putt made sure the reunions went according to plan. As his tenure came to a close, he continued to perform his duties even though he was going through some difficult medical procedures. In order to insure a smooth transfer of power, Putt agreed to stay on an extra year with the new president even though he was still recovering and was ready to step down as Secretary. Putt will be a tough act to follow; his selfless dedication to the organization cannot be overstated. Putt you epitomize the best of the VQ community, and the Navy. Your contributions to the Association are legendary.

Thank you for your service.

First Navy Test Pilot Flies P-8A Poseidon

December 12, 2009: NAVAIR PATUXENT RIVER, MD - When a new Navy aircraft takes to the skies it is always a proud moment for any aircraft program. For the actual pilot behind the controls, it is an even greater feeling.

Lt. Roger Stanton had the privilege of being the first Navy test pilot to fly the P-8A Poseidon in October.



“It felt awesome,” Stanton said. “The first time you fly a new airplane it’s just a great experience. This is what test pilots are trained to do, so getting this rare opportunity was really amazing.”

Stanton, along with Boeing pilot Doug Benjamin, flew the first Poseidon, designated T1, over the Puget Sound in Washington, kicking off the formal Navy flight test program.

Stanton began T1 flight preparation in 2008 with Boeing 737 training in Seattle, consisting of classroom courses, computer-based training and a mixture of commercial 737 simulators as well as time in an actual 737 aircraft. He also spent approximately 250 hours in the Weapon System Integration Lab, located in Kent, Wash.

“It was a good day - a really good day,” Stanton said. “All the training I received was great. We rehearsed the flight profile many times so we came into the flight very well prepared, but it was still fun.”

The WSIL is a non-motion based simulator designed to help the test team integrate aircraft and mission systems, as well as, test aircraft components.

“For the baseline P-8, it certainly flies like a 737,” he said. “They did a nice job of building the airplane. The interesting flying for the P-8 really will come when we have to emulate the P-3 mission – high bank angle, low altitude, autopilot integrated into our mission with missiles on the wings.

It will get interesting.” That type of flying will come later in the test program. T1 actually made three flights in October, prior to undergoing more instrumentation installation in the factory. The first flight was to check the airworthiness, or how well the modified 737 aircraft flies with all the test instrumentation.

The second and third flights practiced instrument approaches with a visual restrictive device. Stanton said one of the things the Navy closely monitors is whether or not the pilots are capable of safely flying the plane if they can’t look out the window for visual reference.

Initial testing of T1 is being conducted in Seattle. It will transfer to Pax in early 2010, where flight and operational testing will be completed by the integrated test team (ITT).

The Poseidon ITT, comprised of Navy test squadrons -- Air Test and Evaluation Squadron 20 and Air Test and Evaluation Squadron 1 -- and Boeing, will spend the next 36 months flying and evaluating three aircraft, designated T1, T2 and T3. The evaluation will include extensive mission systems testing, operational effectiveness and ability to carry out the anti-submarine warfare, anti-surface warfare and intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance operations in accordance with Naval Air Systems Command requirements.

Stanton said the maritime patrol and reconnaissance community (MPRA) needs a new aircraft and needs it badly. He said the Fleet needs an airframe that’s capable of meeting the requirements set forth by the Navy and that support the maritime strategy.

“Our job here is to test that capability on the Poseidon,” he said. “As an operational P-3 pilot, I am fully aware of the challenges facing the [MPRA] community as they try and execute their high demand mission with a dwindling number of aging assets. Testing the P-8 and getting it to the [MPRA] community as soon as possible will help alleviate some of those challenges.”

Association Dues are due in October and are \$20.00 yearly or \$30.00 for two years. Money taken in is used for the benefit of all. We depend on your personal honor in the matter of dues payment. Checks should be made out to VQ Association and sent to the secretary, Phillip Jones, 5510 Timeless View, Colorado Springs, CO 80915. If you don’t know your dues status, please **check the number following your name on the address label** on your newsletter. The number indicates the year your dues expire. If in doubt, please contact the Secretary.

The Story of A-3B 142633

A Wounded Whale That Took A Dive

It was a pleasant, sunshiny Sunday morning on the deck of the USS Coral Sea, the 2nd of October 1966. The ship had just completed a lengthy and grueling Yankee Station line period and was now heading towards Subic Bay for a deserved rest for the ships' crew and Air Wing 15. I was a B/N in VAH-2 Det "A" which had four A-3Bs, configured with tanker packages, onboard. My pilot was Charlie Cellar and our Crewman/Navigator

(C/N) was Larry Sharpe. Our crew had been selected to fly off early to Cubi Point and we were looking forward to the Cubi Dogs and Cubi Specials and some relaxation time in the Cubi pool. We briefed our flight in the ready room and the weather was forecast to be good along our route and at Cubi upon our arrival. The only thing out of the ordinary

for this flight was that we were taking a passenger along who would be sitting on the floor in the rear of the flight deck in what we called the "jump seat." He was a first class electrician, selected to fly in early to Cubi with us because of his outstanding performance during this line period. Larry briefed him on all the safety procedures. He was very excited to be going because it would be his first catapult (CAT) shot and also his first flight in an A-3B. We were also told that we would be carrying some mail bags and packages to Cubi.

At launch time we went out to the flight deck and preflighted our assigned A-3B, 142633 with side number 691, and manned up. We went through all the check lists and everything was proceeding normally. An E-2 was launched ahead of us, also going to Cubi. At our turn, we were directed onto the number two bow CAT. Everything was going smoothly and the CAT officer had now signaled for full power. Charlie checked all the gauges and saluted the CAT officer who saluted back, leaned forward in a crouch and touched the flight deck. Then it happened! Rather than the sharp, powerful jolt of a normal CAT shot, I heard a loud sharp bang and felt a very mild jolt. The nose bounced high and came back down as we started toward the bow of the flight deck at a slow speed. I remember some debris flying by on the starboard side and people ducking for cover. Charlie was as busy as a one-armed paperhanger. He had the brakes pushed to the floorboard while shutting down both engines and pulling the handle on the emergency air bottle for emergency braking. I thought Charlie was going to get the wounded whale stopped before we went over the bow but I could see we were angling off to the port side. We later learned that the eye of the bridle on the starboard side had been mis-positioned over the tip of the aircraft's CAT hook. When the CAT fired, the tip broke off which let the bridle release and swing violently across from the starboard to port side of the aircraft. The CAT shuttle, which is positioned



behind the nose wheel on the A-3, struck and blew the nose tire during its forward movement. This is what had caused the nose to bounce up and had also turned the nose wheel to the left. The starboard main mount was on the greasy CAT track, which didn't help our braking efforts. When the nose gear went over the bow, I finally realized that we weren't going to stop and were going to get very wet. After the nose of the aircraft had dropped down over the bow, the starboard engine nacelle hung up on the round down for a few seconds before giving way, which allowed us to fall nose down in an inverted attitude. When we hit the water, I remember it as a violent

impact with the cockpit almost immediately engulfed with water. It was dark and I couldn't see anything as I unlatched my lap belt and pushed off from my seat. But I felt a tug which held me back. I had forgotten to unhook my oxygen hose from the seat so I reached back, unhooked it, and pushed off again, reaching for the upper hatch. For those reading this who are not A-3 types, the A-3 upper hatch was always positioned

open on all CAT shots and arrested landings for emergencies such as this. But we didn't need the upper hatch this time as the whole canopy was gone.

Afterwards when we discussed the accident, we surmised that the pressure created at impact, and being inverted, had blown the canopy out. After I had exited the aircraft, I inflated my Mae West and ascended to the surface. I estimate we were about 15 ft. underwater at that time. Charlie said that he was right behind me on the way up to the surface. When I reached the surface, I removed my oxygen mask but was having trouble breathing. When Charlie reached the surface, he said that he looked around for the rest of the crew but at first saw only one other head. Then Larry's head finally popped up.

I noticed that I was about 15 ft. from the aircraft and that the tail was sticking out of the water at a 45-degree angle in an inverted position from about the speed brake location. Charlie also noticed that the tail hook was down. Pictures of the accident taken as we were going over the bow showed the tail hook as being up so we're not sure what caused that to happen. I could hear a lot of gurgling sounds as the A-3 was sinking and could also smell JP-5 fuel. I tried to swim away from the aircraft but didn't make much progress as my right side was really hurting and I was still having difficulty breathing. Charlie swam over to me to check on my condition and noticed that my Mae West was not fully inflated. He pulled both toggles again and it fully inflated. I guess I hadn't pulled them hard enough, as one cylinder had not been activated. At about this same time a crewman in the rescue helo, who also noticed that I was having some difficulty, jumped into the water and helped me into the rescue sling. From there I was hoisted up and into the helo. I later learned from the doctors that I had suffered broken ribs and a collapsed right lung which had caused my pain and difficulty in breathing.

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The Story of A-3B 142633 *from page 5*

I do not recall seeing Larry or our passenger in the water nor, do I remember the Coral Sea bearing down on us. Charlie later told me that Larry and our passenger had made it to the surface and were rescued by helo. He also remembers that the Coral Sea was moving away from us as the Captain had put in full port rudder and then back to starboard, which caused the ship to move almost sideways away from us. Our passenger had a severely broken arm and was transferred to the Subic Naval Hospital. Charlie had a laceration on his leg and Larry a cut on one finger. They were both flying again soon. I was grounded for about a month while the superb Coral Sea doctors got me repaired. When I was given my up chit to fly again, it was with Charlie and Larry in our replacement aircraft with side

number 691 and yes, it was from the number two bow CAT. Whew! But, this time it worked as advertised.

Our crew flew many more missions together without mishap for the remainder of our cruise. One side note that I should mention is the fact that for several months after our accident, the ships IMC would announce: "Those personnel who lost money orders in the A-3 that went into the water report to the post office." They just wouldn't let us forget. Also, this accident is another reminder that carrier aviation is never routine. An unexpected accident is always just waiting to happen - so be prepared.

Dale V. Clark CDR USN (RET)

The Times We Had

Patti Brosh

When we got married, Larry was in transit between his old squadron (VF-154) and VQ-1. His orders to VQ-1 entailed some fairly extensive enroute education starting with NSA in DC and out to the west coast for ECM schools and Survival school. Since we got married while he was in transit, there were no orders for me. So, taking me along was all out of our own non-existent funds. While we were in Tucson (our home and where we got married) Larry bought a 49 Chevy. Even at its near giveaway price, it was more than we could afford. But it was our transportation to Washington DC. Of course, once we got to DC we found out we couldn't afford to be there.

Our first couple of days there we found out that apartments cost about twice a month more than what we were earning and that was without eating. We had gotten accustomed to doing that. As we were checking out, the motel owner asked, "Well, what are you going to do now?" I told him I thought we would just have to sleep in the car. He told us maybe he could offer a situation more desirable than that. He owned a motel on Highway 51 in Chantilly, Va. He said all the rooms were rented a week ahead of time as highway 51 was under construction right near the motel and the construction crew rented all the rooms for a week in advance. All the manager had to do was turn on the "no vacancy" sign and clean the rooms. He said if we'd take over as managers, the main house (where the office was) could be ours for no charge. That was a godsend because we were going to be there for three months.

While checking in to NSA headquarters, Larry met a soon to be fellow shipmate named Bob Bradford who also had orders to VQ-1. They hit it off great right from the start. Within a few days, Bob had moved out of the Quarters K barracks and into the Chantilly motel. So, Larry had company driving to



school and an assist on gas money and as it turned out Bob enjoyed the occasional beer with occasions occurring about daily and Larry had given up buying beer. He wasn't opposed to drinking beer, but found he couldn't afford to be buying beer. This is where Bob became Larry's all-time forever good friend of the highest magnitude. After we finished our time at NSA HQ, Bob rode with us to Tucson and then took a Greyhound to Ridgeway, Colorado to spend Christmas with his folks.

We still had three months in San Diego before Larry would precede me by about three months to Japan. Our first tour in VQ-1 was for five years. Little did I realize that I had just ventured through the sanest six months of our many VQ years.

We'll recap some of the adventures in coming newsletters.

Bye!!

SMALL STORES ORDER FORM

(Prices include shipping)

101	EA-3 B Hat no eggs	\$19.00
102	EA-3 B Hat with eggs	20.00
103	EC-121 Hat no eggs	19.00
104	EC-121 Hat with eggs	20.00
105	EP-3E Hat no eggs	19.00
106	EP-3E Hat with eggs	20.00
107	P4M-1Q Hat no eggs	19.00
108	P4M-1Q Hat with eggs	20.00
109	Ground LB'er Hat (Bat)	19.00
110	Ground LB'er Hat (Sandeman)	19.00
111	VQ Assoc. Logo Hat (khaki)	19.00
112	VQ Assoc. Logo Coffee Mug	12.00
113	VQ Assoc. Logo 4" Decal	4.00
114	VQ-1 Bat Patch	6.00
115	VQ -2 Bat Patch	6.00
116	VQ -2 Sandeman Patch	6.00
117	EC-121 Willy Victor Patch	6.00
118	A-3 Skywarrior Patch	6.00
119	EP-3 Orion Patch	6.00
120	Tonkin Gulf Yacht Club Patch	6.00

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Item #	Qty	Description	Price	Total
Total				

Make Check/MO payable to VQ Association

MAIL TO: Dick McClellan
733 Woodcock Road
Henrico, NC 27842

Looking For A Few Good Men



Mike Glenn is in the early stages of restoring A-3D-1 BuNo 135434 at Edwards AFB. This airplane was used by the Navy for the atomic bomb tests on Eniwetok in 1956 and by Pax River for JATO tests. The goal is to restore the airframe in external appearance to the original flight test aircraft that flew at Edwards in the 1952-1956 time frame. Volunteers interested in helping can contact him at xpmeagle@aol.com for more information.

Think Rapid City 2010

If we can make Rapid City as successful a reunion as Tucson or Pensacola, wouldn't that be great? I think our numbers got hurt some in Tucson just because of the lousy economy at the time. I'm sure for some of our folks it hasn't gotten a whole lot better, but we really want to take the opportunity to get together with old friends whenever a good excuse presents itself and the VQ reunion is as good an excuse as I can think of.



Last year quite a few folks said, "Okay Larry, What can we come up with next year that will be as good as the one we just had?" Well, Astronaut Mike Lopez-Alegria heard the question and said he'd like to come back next year. So, we are certainly going to pursue that with maximum interest. I don't need a better excuse than that to be in Rapid City this coming September, but there is a plethora (I don't get to use that word very often) of entertainment surrounding Rapid City. Beside Mount Rushmore, there is the Crazy Horse Memorial site of the world's largest mountain sculpture under construction. It is reputed to be magnificent. Then for the gamblers with a historic bent, there is Deadwood where Wild Bill Hickock played his final hand of poker reputedly being shot with the aces and eights "Dead Man's Hand". Movie fans of "Close Encounter of the Third Kind" might be anxious to see Devil's Tower (the real thing, not the one made out of mashed potatoes. Patti Brosh was born in Rapid City and her recommendation is Custer State Park for an abundance of wild life. She also mentioned that I need to mention the Mammoth Site because her uncle discovered it.

It is still too early to publish specifics for the reunion, but plans are taking shape and while we can't expect Florida or southern California temperatures, it is still early enough for us to enjoy a pleasant forecast. It is not too early though to start formulating plans on attending. Contact a few of your old VQ buddies and make them aware of how enjoyable the get together is.

In Tucson, I had the opportunity to visit with friends making their first reunion and their parting words were,
"See you in Rapid City".

Which is where I hope to see all of you.

Larry

Some Semi interesting Web Sites



- www.hazegray.org
- www.a3skywarrior.com
- www.geocities.com/~davemc/canset.htm
- www.fark.com/cgi/vidplayer.pl?IDLink=4836695
- www.defenseimagery.mil/imagery.html#a=search&s=eA-3b&chk=6cfe0
- www.flickr.com/photos/xbanker/2899501742/in/set-72157603765872858/
- www.avweb.com/avwebflash/votw/VideoOfThe Week_ArkRoyalTraps_199354-1.html



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Navy Chief

The Navy Chief noticed a new seaman and barked at him, ‘Get over here! What’s your name?’

“Paul,” the new seaman replied.

“Look, I don’t know what kind of bleeding-heart pansy crap they’re teaching sailors in boot camp today, but I don’t call anyone by his first name,” the chief scowled. “It breeds familiarity, and that leads to a breakdown in authority. I refer to my sailors by their last names only; Smith... Jones... Baker. I am to be referred to only as ‘Chief.’ Do I make myself clear?”



“Aye, Chief!”

“Now that we’ve got that straight, what’s your last name?”

The seaman sighed. “Darling, My name is Paul Darling, Chief.”

“Okay, Paul, here’s what I want you to do...”